

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BAKER'S SOURCES OF THE NILE.

THE ADVENT OF CAPTAIN BAKER'S NILE, AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE NILE, BY CAPTAIN BAKER. With a map of the Nile, and a plan of the Delta. By J. B. BAKER. New York: Published by J. B. BAKER, 100 Broadway. 1866. 12mo. 100 pages. 10 cents.

The travels of Captain Baker, who discovered the Nile, are a story of adventure and discovery. He was the first to reach the source of the Nile, and his journey was a long and arduous one. His discovery was a great triumph for the world, and his name is now famous. His journey was a long and arduous one, and he faced many dangers and difficulties. His discovery was a great triumph for the world, and his name is now famous.

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On the 23d of June the traders, having by this time so provoked the Latakas that a longer stay among them was nearly impossible, started for Obo, five days' march to the south-west. Mr. Baker was dangerously sick with bilious fever, but it was almost certain that he would recover, and our author accordingly constructed for him a covered litter. In this way the journey was performed with safety if not with comfort. At Obo Mr. Baker, by his medical skill, and his wife by her kindness to the women, soon made a very enviable reputation, and their residence in the town for the next few months, in spite of continued sickness, and sometimes scarcity of food, was quite endurable. The chief, an old, indolent, named Katchib, was a great friend of theirs, but also a great humbug. One of the accomplishments which he laid claim to was the power to make rain.

One day, hearing a great noise of voices and blowing of horns in the direction of Katchib's residence, I went to inquire the cause. The chief himself appeared very angry and excited. He said that his people were very much annoyed by a great noise and blowing of horns which he had heard, and that he had not been able to sleep for several nights. He said that he had heard a great noise and blowing of horns which he had heard, and that he had not been able to sleep for several nights.

With all this bluster, I saw that old Katchib was in a great dilemma, and that he would give anything for a shower, but he did not know how to get out of the scrape. It was a common freak of the tribes to sacrifice their rainmaker, should he be unsuccessful. He suddenly altered his tone, and asked, "Have you any rain-makers? I replied that I had every now and then. "How do you bring it? Are you a rain-maker?" I told him that no one believed in rainmakers in our country, and that I had never seen one. He said that he had heard a great noise and blowing of horns which he had heard, and that he had not been able to sleep for several nights.

Matters were in this delicate situation when guns were heard firing in the distance. Baker's negroes rushed to the boat with a report that two white men had arrived, who had come from the sea. One author hurried to meet them, and recognized in one of the two his old friend Speke.

With a heart beating with joy I took my gun and gave a discharge of shot. In ten years' growth of beard and mustache had worked a change, and as I was totally unexpected, my sudden appearance, I hardly required an introduction to his companion, as we were already acquainted, and after the transports of a happy meeting we were seated on the bank, and I began to relate to him the adventures of my journey. He was very much interested in my story, and he was very much interested in my story.

Having received from them a map of their route and an account of what portions of country remained to be explored, and seen them embark for home at Gondokoro, Mr. Baker renewed his preparations for the start. Another mutiny, with a plot to murder, was discovered by a faithful boy named Sant, the only faithful attendant except an habitual drunkard named Richard, in the whole party;—and was checked by a little display of pluck and generalship; but the discomfited savages refused to continue the journey. At last, by dint of threats, 17 men were induced to march, purposing, as Mr. Baker well knew, to desert at the most convenient opportunity, and the cavalcade accordingly started for Central Africa March 26, 1863, following a party of traders who had threatened to fire upon them if they came near. But as our travelers had neither guide nor interpreter, it was necessary for force themselves upon the traders' company. There was a dangerous pass on the road, through the territory of a warlike people, and Mr. Baker knew that the traders had but to give the word and the natives would there fall upon him. His only hope was in outmarching his unaided companions. In this he failed, and the expedition was apparently on the brink of destruction, when Mrs. Baker, her own "fate," succeeded in disarming the hostility of the chief trader, and turning him into a servicable ally. Thus, notwithstanding another mutiny, which Mr. Baker quelled, as usual, by "bashing out" a few of the ringleaders, and by his "right hand" upon the ringleader's jaw, for "his remarks," success in these average countries frequently depends upon prompt action at a critical moment, the two parties reached in safety Tarrangole, the chief town of the Latakas, country, 101 miles east of Gondokoro. The men of the Latakas are fine-looking, averaging nearly six feet in height, and 160 pounds in weight. Unlike all other tribes of the White Nile, they have high foreheads, large eyes, rather high cheek-bones, well-shaped mouths, and pleasing countenances, their appearance altogether denoting a Galla origin. The women are immensely large and very goodly. The Latakas, though a warlike people, are frank, good-natured and civil. Tarrangole consists of about 3,000 houses, each surrounded by a little stockaded courtyard, and the whole town encompassed by a palisade of iron-wood. The dwellings are generally built of mud, though some are formed like huge candle-extinguishers, the neatly-carved roof rising to the height of 25 feet, and sloping to within two and a half feet so low that entrance has to be effected on all fours. When a man is killed in battle the body is allowed to remain where it falls; but if he dies a natural death he is buried in his own courtyard, and funeral dances are kept up for several weeks. At the end of that time the bones are dug up, cleaned, and deposited in an earthen jar, which

is placed in a disgusting sort of Golgotha near the town. The weapons of the Latakas comprise a lance, a heavy iron-headed mace, a long-bladed knife, a sword, and a formidable bracelet made with knife-blades about three inches long. Their defensive armor consists of a shield of buffalo hide, and a helmet which is also their sole article of clothing. This helmet is nothing less than a tortoise's own hair, the dropping of which requires from ten to fifteen minutes. The thick, crisp web of the tortoise's hair, formed from the bark of a tree, is woven with a thick network of the same hair, and is so strong that it is almost impossible to break it. A strong rim about two inches deep is formed by sewing it together with thread, and the front of the helmet is protected by a plate of polished copper, while a piece of the same metal, about a foot long, and shaped like the half of a bishop's miter, forms the crest. The frame of the helmet is constructed, the edifice is completed by an elaborate decorative work, the richness of which is due to the use of cowrie shells, stitched around the edge so as to form a solid rim, is considered indispensable. The dress of the women consists of a large flap of tanned leather, worn in front like a frock-coat, and a long tail, made of fine linen, and rubbed with red ochre and grease. Like the other White Nile tribes, the Latakas extract the fat from the teeth of the lower jaw. They perforate the upper lip, and insert in the hole a stick of polished crystal about the size of a drawing pencil, keeping it in place by binding twice about the inner end; this protrudes into the space left by the removal of the teeth, and the tongue plays upon it during conversation, giving the stick an indescribably ludicrous wriggling motion. The wife of the Latakas chief was very anxious to decorate Mr. Baker's lip and jaw after the fashion of the country, and furthermore to dress her hair in the most approved female mode, by cutting it short and rubbing it with grease and vermilion. Polygamy is generally practiced. The market value of a wife is equivalent to 10 cows: a large family of daughters is therefore a source of considerable wealth. Women are compelled to do a great variety of slavish work, and seem never to be loved in the proper meaning of that word, but they are treated with a certain sort of respect even in time of hostility. Though they are employed as spies, there is a general understanding all over this part of Africa that they shall not be killed in war, not for sentimental, but for commercial reasons, because they are so scarce and expensive.

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New Publications.

George Eliot's New Novel is read by all the world. [Saturday Review.]

**HARPER & BROTHERS, New-York.**  
Publish this Day:  
**FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL.**  
A NOVEL.  
BY GEORGE ELIOT.  
Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silvia Marston," "Scenes of Clerical Life," "Romola," &c.  
Two Vols., Paper, 75 cents.  
This is certainly the novel of the day, written with a purpose, that of doing good. The acquaintance with different phases of outward life, and the power of analyzing feeling and the workings of the mind are alike wonderful. The characters are drawn with an almost Shakespearean variety and truth to nature. The workmanship of the life is good, every word is fitted to its place, and the story is told with a simplicity and directness that is a pleasure to the reader. The author's creative energy has never, we think, been so exuberantly exercised before. One group succeeds another, and not a single figure appears in any of them, though he is ever so far in the background, which is perfectly done and perfectly colored. The language is simple and direct, and the style is so plain and so convincing that it is a pleasure to the reader. The characters are drawn with an almost Shakespearean variety and truth to nature. The workmanship of the life is good, every word is fitted to its place, and the story is told with a simplicity and directness that is a pleasure to the reader.

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Real Estate for Sale.

S. W. BENEDICT.

**REAL ESTATE AND LOAN BROKER.**  
No. 44 Nassau Street, Room 30.  
**A HANDSOME, TWO-STORY HOUSE.** Now, elegant and convenient for a family, located on a beautiful lot, and containing a large number of rooms, and a large garden. The house is situated on the corner of Nassau and Broadway, and is a fine example of modern architecture. The house is situated on the corner of Nassau and Broadway, and is a fine example of modern architecture.

**ATTRACTIONAL PLACES AT GREENWICH, ENGLAND.**  
A large and thriving settlement of Vincent, with a large number of houses, and a large garden. The house is situated on the corner of Nassau and Broadway, and is a fine example of modern architecture. The house is situated on the corner of Nassau and Broadway, and is a fine example of modern architecture.

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Instruction.

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